

# GAY LIFE

**Stories**

Vol. I. No. II.

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# Gay Life Stories

Vol. I.

No. 2

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# SHE WAS ROMANCED BY GALAHAD

*By Michael Hall*

**T**HE sun filters through the listless trees that fringed the square and made weird patterns on the cracked paving. A vagrant breeze fanned the dropping foliage with a searing blast like the breath of the devil, and the pattern on the paving shifted uneasily.

At a rusted iron table which had weathered the storms of more than a



*Galahad was charmed. The legs so enticingly displayed were bare and seductively formed.*



score of years in the inland village of Rio Jamorca sat Galahad O'Reilly, late of New York and even later of the O'Reilly construction camp on the Quezon.

For perhaps the tenth time in as many minutes he cast a bleak stare of disapproval upon the deserted square and cursed the climate of Rio Jamorca and its invisible inhabitants with methodical enthusiasm.

And Galahad had reason to curse. For two months following his arrival in the South American republic Galahad had sweltered in the heat of the tropical jungle as technical head of the construction company driving a spur line from the main road to the American owned silver mine at the head waters of the Quezon.

For two months he had battled flies, mosquitoes, and the thriving species of venomous reptiles that abound in the South American jungle. And now on his first visit to the town he was met with all the warmth and hospitality usually accorded the rent collector on the first of the month.

Galahad pounded vehemently on the iron table and added to the din by raising his voice in a strident bellow.

"Hey, waiter, service."

A bulky little man swathed in a soiled white apron approached leisurely and hung confidentially over Galahad's shoulder.

"Si, Senor."

"Whiskey," snapped Galahad peevishly, "and plenty of it; and say Pedro, are there any people in this village, women, for instance?"

The bulky little man smiled uncertainly and bobbed his head in bewildered agreement.

"Si, senor, I get heem at once."

Galahad sighed morosely. "And that," he muttered, "is that. I certainly made a star spangled ass of myself by coming to

this God forsaken rim of civilization. The people can't even speak English."

He sipped moodily at a glass of excellent liquor that was presently placed before him and meditated upon the twist of fate that had lifted him from his favorite haunts on Broadway and placed him in the midst of the Argentine jungle.

So engrossed did he become in the mental perusal of the sad events leading to his banishment that he failed to notice the approach of a solitary wayfarer along the tree shaded walk.

He became suddenly aware that he was the object of scrutiny by a pair of cool grey eyes that appraised him with evident amusement. She was young and beautiful with the mysterious allure that is so often the heritage of the latin woman. Raven hued hair framed the oval of her face forming a vivid contrast to the frock of dazzling white which she wore.

Galahad for the moment was speechless. That the village of Rio Jamorca could produce anything as dainty and fragilely beautiful as this diminutive young woman was impossible. That she should betray the slightest interest in young Mr. O'Reilly was incomprehensible.

Recovering from his amazement, Galahad made a gallant effort to rise to the occasion. The rickety iron chair screeched its protest as Galahad rose awkwardly.

"*Buenos noches, senorita,*" he began gallantly, "er—*hablo*—er—" for the moment he struggled with his scant knowledge of Spanish, and then burst out explosively, "how in hell am I going to ask her to join me in a drink."

At that the young woman moved leisurely across the paving and seated herself gracefully across the table from Galahad whose mouth dropped open in astonishment.



"Make mine a rum punch," she said languidly in perfect English.

"You—you speak English." It was not so much a question as a statement of a fact too miraculous to give credence. Galahad was still staggered.

"Speak English? Of course I speak English, I spent seventeen years in New York." She burst into a torrent of fluent Spanish which changed the gentle amble of the little waiter to something resembling a gallop and turned her attention to Galahad.

"You looked so forlorn sitting here by yourself that I thought I'd join you," she explained carelessly. "Besides it's bad for your disposition to drink alone.

"You live here?" asked Galahad inanely, his eyes feasting on the beauty of her features.

"Naturally. Do I look as if I had walked over from the coast this morning?" She sipped her liqueur with evident enjoyment and crossed her slim legs carelessly before her.

Galahad was charmed. The legs so enticingly displayed were bare and seductively formed and the sheer silken shirt fell away at the knee, exposing an appreciable amount of nude thigh. The situation, decided Galahad, had possibilities.

"What I mean," he explained hastily, "is that you don't look as though you lived here. The few people I've seen in the town all look like something the dog found out in the alley and dragged in to play with. You know—kinda ragged."

The girl shrugged disdainfully. "My father is governor of this province. We live here in the dry season because the climate is so much better."

Galahad started. He had been in the country long enough to realize that young women of the upper classes were not encouraged to make casual acquaint-

ances with strange young men; especially not the daughter of the Governor, a crusty gentleman with old-fashioned ideas and a violent temper.

Galahad sighed heavily. "So you're the daughter of old Valento. That's too bad."

The girl looked up with bright interest. "And why is it too bad?"

"Burny-burn," said Galahad glumly. "My job depends a whole lot on your old man's good will. If he takes a dislike to me he's apt to get his back up and forget all about the various concessions he's made our company."

"But father," explained the girl demurely, "isn't here. He left for Callao yesterday."

"And left you all alone?" There was astonishment in Galahad's voice.

"Not quite. But my duenna was taken ill last night, and so I'm practically alone. I was frightfully lonesome," she confided, "and that's why I walked down here to see if you were young and nice looking. If you had been old I would not have stopped," she confessed naively.

"You knew there was a Yankee in town?"

"Oh yes. You see the servants talk."

"I was afraid of that," muttered Galahad grimly. "But," he added recklessly, "let them. I'll live in the present and let the future take care of itself." Aloud to the girl he said:

"You being practically a New Yorker, and me just banished from the gay night life, we ought to get together and plan something, maybe talk over old times or something like that." He smiled engagingly.

"By me," said the girl, "that is swell. Have you any other bright suggestions?"

"Your name, for instance. If I knew that, and you knew mine, we might feel that we were properly introduced and all



that sort of thing."

The girl nodded. "Your name," she announced succinctly, "is O'Reilly. . . . Galahad O'Reilly, the chorus girl's angel."

Galahad winced. "My God. How did you know that?"

"Oh, we subscribe for the New York papers. Father has taken quite an interest in your various escapades. He always holds you up as a bad example."

"I'll bet he does at that," breathed Galahad. "And your name is . . ."

"Blanche. In Spanish it is Blanchita."

"And then what?" asked Galahad.

"And then we might . . . we might read books," suggested Blanchita slyly.

"Books!" Galahad raised shocked hands aloft. "My dear child, I never read. A doctor once told me it was bad for the eyes. He said do anything, but don't read books."

"Okay, we'll follow your doctor's advice."

Galahad was slightly bewildered. "What do you mean, we'll follow my doctor's advice?"

"Just what I said. We'll do anything."



She glanced at him pertly. "You like it?"

"Naturally. I think I'll call you Blanchita. I like it better. The question is now, what do we do next?"

"I'm a little girl all alone in a great big house," laughed Blanchita, "if that means anything to you. I thought we might have dinner . . . a cocktail . . . and then . . ."

*What if your father should return unexpectedly? He wouldn't exactly like it would he?*



Galahad drew a deep breath to ease the rapid pounding of his heart. Surely this was the stuff of which dreams were made—the gossamer threads which novelists wove into stories . . . the rare occasion men spend a lifetime searching for.

"We might begin our celebration now," he suggested, draining his glass at a gulp.

Together they wandered slowly through the deserted streets of Rio Jamorca conscious of the avid eyes that watched their progress from behind the chastely closed green shutters that were barred to the late afternoon heat.

They paused before a cool white building set in the midst of a spacious garden where palmetto trees waved their delicate fronds almost to the edge of the red tiled roof, and Blanchita waved her hand airily.

"Senor, we are arrived at our destination." She dropped him a mock curtsy and led him through the huge grilled gates into the silence of the patio. A fountain splashed musically in its granite basin.

They dallied carelessly over iced drinks served them by an aged servitor until the sun sank out of sight in a golden glow, and then Blanchita laid her small hand on Galahad's arm.

"Come," she said softly, "we shall have dinner, and then you shall show me if you are indeed named correctly."

"Named correctly," echoed Galahad.

"Wasn't Galahad the White Knight?"

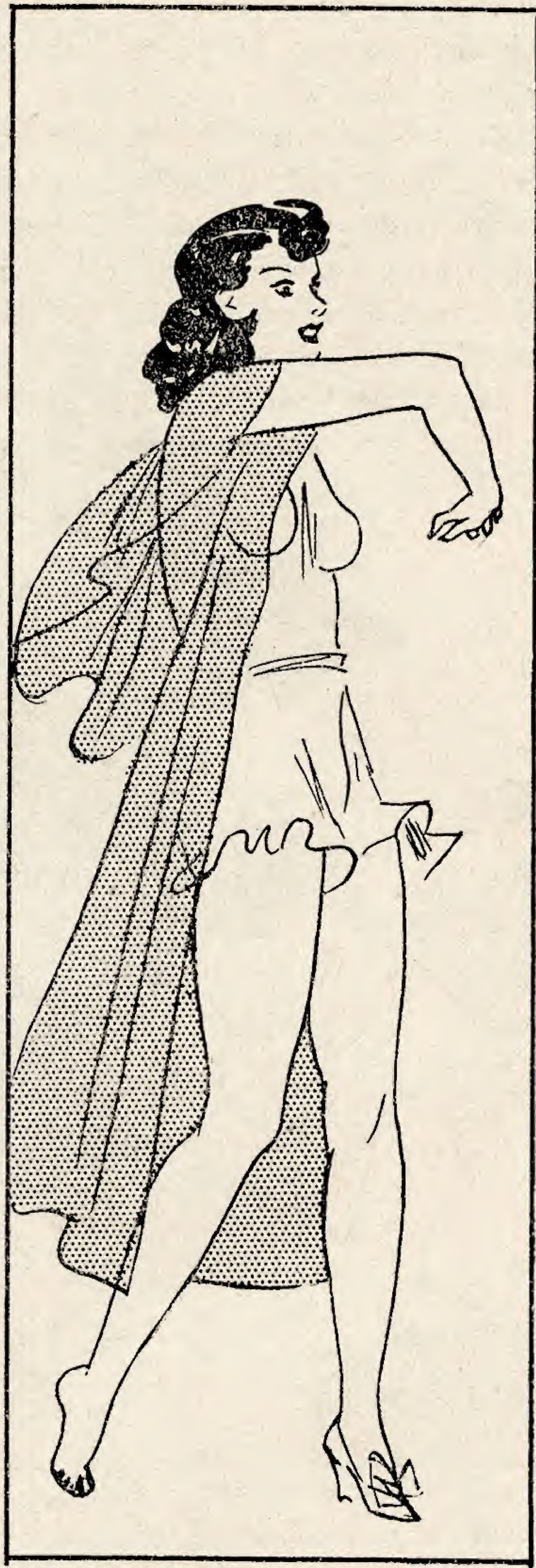
Galahad smiled ruefully. "You're jesting. There's nothing pure about me."

"That's what I wanted to find out. I'm tired of these men of my race who are so afraid of my father."

"That's another thing. You being here alone and all that; won't it be dangerous?"

Blanchita grinned impudently. "I hope so."

"But listen," Galahad said earnestly, "what if your father should return unexpectedly. He wouldn't exactly like it, would he?"



*She appeared before him clad in a filmy negligee.*

"Pouf!" Blanchita snapped her fingers. "Are you afraid of my father?" she taunted, "there is yet time for you to return to your construction camp."



Galahad was stung by the thinly veiled scorn in her voice. He moved impulsively toward her and slipped his arm about her waist and thrilled to the feel of her soft flesh. For a long moment he gazed into her eyes, consciously of the fleeting terror in their depths . . . of the labored rise and fall of her hard young breasts, and then he slowly pressed his lips against the moist sweetness that were her lips.

As their bodies melted together a great passion surged through Galahad for this girl whom he had met so casually. He pressed her yielding body closer and bruised her lips with his caresses.

Breathlessly he released her, wondering at the starry beauty of her eyes.

"Come," she whispered tremulously, "tonight is made for love, tomorrow . . ." she shrugged expressively, "tomorrow is another day."

Together they made their way through the silent house until they stood before a carved oaken door studded with great brass bolts.

"Beyond this door," murmured Blanchita, "lies my room . . . and love." She turned the latch and they stood in the darkened confines of a room. That it was her room, Galahad knew immediately.

The faint scent of the delicate perfume she used clung to the atmosphere like a benediction. Her hand clasping his she led him to a deep window seat placed beneath the grilled window. Beyond the horizon a great yellow moon was pushing its way into the sky. A soft breeze stirred the trees in the garden below.

"Sit here and wait for me," whispered Blanchita, brushing Galahad's brow with her lips. She was gone, but he could hear a faint rustling of silken garments as she moved about.

Presently she returned to his side and he caught his breath in wonder at the sheer loveliness of her. In the faint light

of the moon she appeared before him clad in a filmy negligee that revealed her glorious arms and shoulders. He crushed her pliant body to him hungrily.

Galahad took no notice of the passage of time. In the enchanted hours that passed on the wings of fleeting love, he lay drowsily in the arms of the girl whom he had suddenly come to love. They were silent, meeting on the common ground of a love that had no need for words.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by a crashing rap on the door. For one tense moment they lay rigid and then the summons was repeated.

"Blanchita, my child," roared a voice.

"My God," breathed Galahad, "and all the windows barred."

"Blanchita," roared the voice, "open this door before I kick it down."

Galahad shrugged philosophically. "Better open it, sweet."

"He shan't hurt you, my love; I won't let him," consoled Blanchita, slipping her feet into mules. "Just keep cool."

"Keep cool," stuttered Galahad, "I'm so cool now my teeth are chattering." He hurriedly tried his tie, making a ragged job of it in the dark and seated himself in the window in what he hoped was a casual attitude.

Into the room burst a bulky figure carrying an old-fashion lamp. Galahad, who had never met the governor, had an impression of ferocious mustachios that curled up to meet small pig-like eyes that were sparkling with ill-concealed rage.

"Aha, so it's true," bellowed the intruder, "a man, and in my daughter's bedroom. I'll have your life for this."

He shook off the hand Blanchita laid beseechingly upon his arm and strode closer to Galahad. "Pig! What are you doing here?"

"What does it look like I'm doing," demanded Galahad sardonically, "reading the gas meter?"



"So, it pleases you to be humorous," snarled the governor, "you can afford to joke?"

"But father . . ."

"Silence," roared Senor Valento fiercely, "I can attend to this matter." He turned to glare at Galahad. "Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Well," hedged Galahad, thinking rap-

idly, "if you just give me a little time I can explain everything. You see . . ."

"Time. Ha! He wants time. I'll give him time, I'll give him life. I'll give him . . ."

"While you're giving things away," murmured Galahad, reaching for his cigarette case, "could you give me a light?"



*He shan't hurt you, my love; I won't let him," consoled Blanchita, slipping her feet into mules.*



The governor paused, his face purpling at Galahad's effrontery. "*Por Dios*," he gasped, "do you think to joke with me, you who have shamed my family; made of my honor a thing to be laughed at? I think I shall kill you."

"My father wouldn't like that at all," decided Galahad, inspecting the glowing end of his cigarette, "and he's a very nasty person to deal with when he's angry. And not only that, but if you should kill me your daughter and I would not be able to get married."

"Marry my daughter!" The governor recoiled as if he had been struck in the face. "You didn't ask me."

"No," pointed out Galahad carefully, "I didn't. In fact I hadn't thought of marrying you at all."

"In this country marriages are arranged by the parents," thundered the governor.

"And in some countries they are arranged in heaven, but they don't seem to turn out as well as those arranged by the two persons most interested," countered Galahad coolly.

He felt Blanchita's arm steal through his, and the pressure of her body at his side and the sense of her nearness gave him added courage.

"Your Excellency," appealed Galahad, "I was hasty in paying suit to your

daughter without first addressing you, but in my country women choose their own mates. Blanchita and I love each other. We plan to marry. Have we your consent?"

His Excellency passed his hand over his brow in a bewildered gesture.

"You . . . you love this man, child," he importuned hesitantly, "this man you know nothing about?"

"I love him father, and I know all about him."

"Know all about him," gasped the governor, "who then, in heaven's name, is he?"

"This is Galahad O'Reilly," quavered Blanchita, pressing closer to Galahad.

"Not Pig Head O'Reilly's son?" thundered His Excellency.

"Yes, sir. That's what they used to call him in college," admitted Galahad in surprise.

"Pig Head O'Reilly's son," mused the governor, smiling benignly on Galahad and reaching for the cigarette case in his hand, "well, well, well. We went to school together. I remember him well. This is fine..'" He lit a cigarette and blew a vast cloud of smoke at the ceiling. "I'll cable your father tomorrow so he can get here in time for the wedding." He paused and stared at Galahad amusedly.

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She was only a Photographer's Daughter, But OH — How she was DEVELOPED.

Don't forget to have your news-dealer reserve your next month's copy of **PARISIENNE REVUE** and **GAY LIFE STORIES**.





# HOW THEY DO IT OUT WEST

*By Evaline French*

**R**EX MAYO breezed into Neil Wayne's apartment with an exuberance that characterized all his movements. "Hey, Handsome!" he called, "met a smooth girl who is just your speed. Come out and get the lowdown."

"Not interested," drawled a voice from the bathroom.

Rex snickered. That was good from old Neil, who counted the day lost that didn't bring a pretty face, a new intrigue. Who couldn't resist feminine allure any more than a bee could resist the sweet



*"This isn't Rex's apartment," protested Joe.*



fragrance of spring flowers.

"Wait 'til you see her," he went on. "Your technique is good but this gal's is better. She radiates sex appeal. And curves! Man, she's got plenty, and other things besides! She's just in town for a visit. Her home is in the West where men are men and women go after 'em. I told her about you and she said to bring you around and she would give you a few pointers on how *real* men make love."

Neil strode in, clad only in a pair of silk shorts that clung to his muscular litheness. He was suffering from a hang-over and took no pains to hide his vile humor. "Listen, Sap," he said wearily, "do I have to draw you a diagram? *I am not interested!* I don't care how many curves she has. I've examined plenty at close range, alike!"

Rex shrugged his shoulders. "OK," he said in disgust, "if that's the way you feel about it." Neil, he decided, certainly must have been on an awful bender to become a misogynist over night. It sounded fishy. He picked up his gray fedora and pulled it down rakishly over one eye, admiring the effect. He knew he didn't have Neil's way with women, but as he often remarked facetiously, he had had his moments.

"So long, Grouch," he said taking his departure, "and if you *should* change your mind about women, drop in at *chez moi* tonight and admit that my judgment in some things is unerring."

Neil lit a cigarette and stared morosely at his reflection in the mirror. His dark handsome face, his crisp blue-black hair, his superb physique brought him no satisfaction. He was fed up with everything! With girls who melted in his embrace at a word! With red lips that fastened themselves hungrily on his! With eyes whose promise was not even thinly veiled! "And man is supposed to be the

pursuer," he thought in disgust.

Mr. Wayne's little boy, Neil, hadn't been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. It had been platinum with a diamond-encrusted handle for good measure. His motto was "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may wake up and find yourself married." He had



*So she was a teaser and he would have to wear her down, eh?*

learned, with the ease born of long practice, to avoid the matrimonial trap, promising himself vaguely that when the right girl came along he would marry her properly with bell, book, and ring. To date the numerous girls who asked nothing



better than to be Mrs. Neil Wayne had been unable to discover just what Neil's conception of the "right" girl was. Meanwhile he went his merry way, a suave dilettante who showered his favors on a different girl every night.

He honored Miss Jane Carteret, his only living relative, with one of his rare visits that afternoon and politely listened to a long tirade against the morals of the younger generation. By evening he felt clear-headed and his old self again. But the satiated feeling lingered. He still wanted something different!

He thumbed his well-worn address book idly. It contained the names of dozens of girls whom he could call at the last minute and be assured a flattering reception. A well-manicured forefinger went down the pages alphabetically beginning with Alden, Jean, a diminutive blonde, and ending with a torrid little number who answered to the name of Marie Zelli. Neil thought of Marie's languorous black eyes, her overripe breasts, her passionate lips of vivid crimson. Maybe under the spell of her kisses he could recapture his lost zest for living. He picked up the telephone to call her when Rex Mayo's taunt flashed through his mind: "Your technique is good but this gal's is better . . . she said she would give you a few pointers on how *real* men make love." The memory of the words flicked Neil's vanity like a lash. So this girl from the West thought she was good enough to show him a few things, did she? Well, he was just in the humor to call her bluff and when he got through with her she would do no more boasting this side of the Rockies.

He felt quite cheerful about the evening in prospect. He could kill two birds with one stone. Settle a grudge against Rex for talking out of turn and teach a beautiful boaster her amatory A, B, C's.

When he arrived at Mayo's apartment

the living room was quite but sounds from the kitchen told him that the party had reached a hilarious state. Divesting himself of coat and hat he saw that the room held one occupant, a girl asleep on the divan. Intuitively Neil knew this was the girl Rex had told him about. She had set the stage and no doubt warned Rex to keep the bunch out. Probably been waiting for hours.

Neil had expected to see a generous display of curves but he was disappointed. The girl was stretched out full length but her legs were covered, with only two trim ankles peeping discreetly out. Her dinner dress of coral moire was modestly cut and her shoulders and breasts were hidden. She either wore no make-up, Neil decided, or she had done an unusually good paint job.

"She would look like that," he thought sardonically, remembering another girl he knew who looked like a virgin but thought the word meant a new kind of drink. This modesty trick didn't fool him a bit.

He sat down on the edge of the divan, wondering what her boasted technique was. She certainly didn't look very sizzling, more like a school girl with her mass of golden hair and delicate, fresh-looking skin.

At last the girl opened her eyes and stared at Neil. "Hello," she said drowsily, "have I been sleeping long?"

"Too long," retorted Neil. "You're wasting precious time. Didn't anybody ever tell you that it's bad manners to sleep at parties?"

The girl widened her blue eyes naively. "Nobody," she announced flippantly, "seemed to care what I did." Then abruptly: "Aren't you Neil Wayne?"

"Now isn't it surprising?" mocked Neil, "that you should know my name. I'm flattered."

"I'm Jill Painter, I . . .," she began



when Neil interrupted. It's all been told, Jill Painter. You have a good press agent."

"What have you hear about me? I'm curious," said Jill as Neil helped her to her feet.

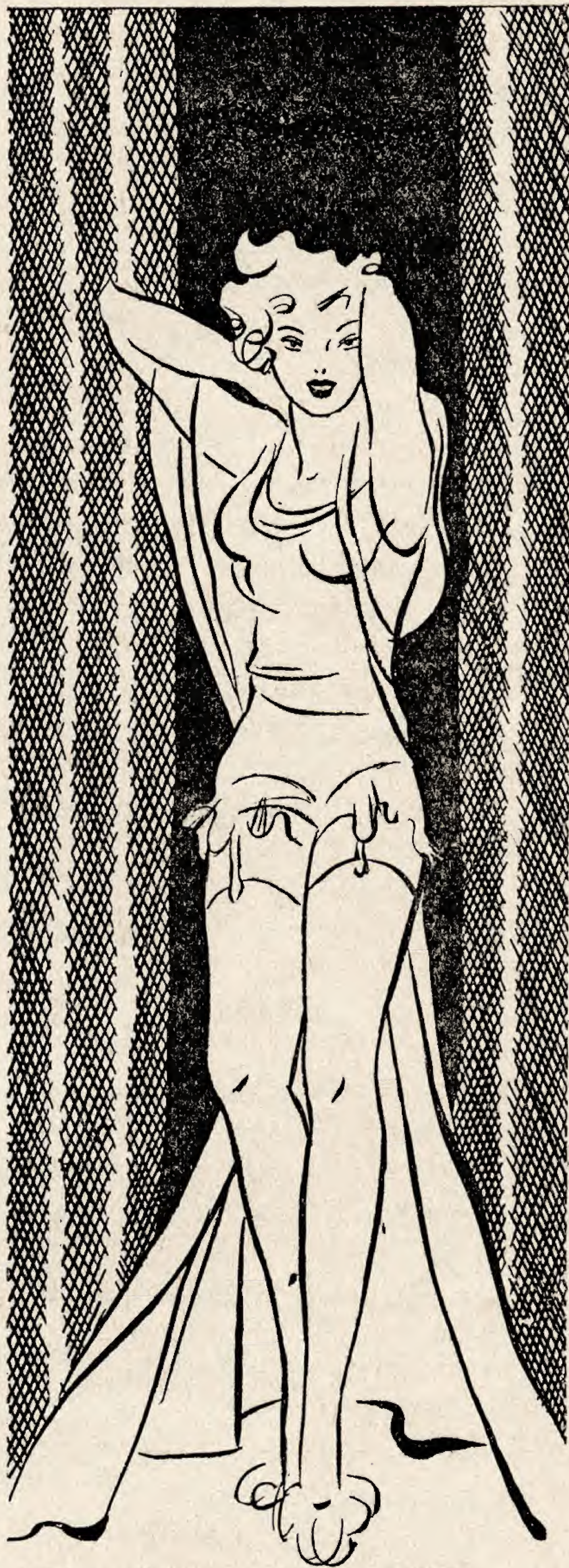
"Oh, among other things that you eat little boys like me before breakfast. But let's dance, it's more intimate," he answered.

From the radio came the strains of a tantalizing foxtrot. Neil took Jill in his arms. Her golden head rested against his heart and he caught the whiff of faint seductive perfume. The skin that touched his was delicately cool. His arms tightened about her and his lips sought hers, but to his surprise Jill turned her head. "I'd rather you didn't," she said, "after all, we're practically strangers."

Neil's jaw dropped in chagrin. What was the big idea? He wasn't in the habit of forcing his kisses. But to have them refused! Consternation gripped him for a minute, then he chuckled to himself. So she was a teaser and he would have to wear her down, eh? Well, he had won endurance contests before and the night was but a pup.

After a couple of dances Jill suggested that they join the rest of the party but Neil had a better idea. He knew from experience that the combination of moonlight, moonshine, and the coziness of his low-hung roadster was hard for a girl to resist. Besides, there was a spot in Schenley Park that was a perfect spot to pet.

He drove expertly with one hand and Jill offered no objection when he placed his other arm around her, but that was as far as he got. The petting party he had anticipated didn't materialize. Jill became more desirable every moment. Piqued, Neil told himself that he didn't care particularly about kissing her but he hated to admit that he couldn't if he wanted to.



*"Oh, well," yawned Wanda. "Why worry? I might not have liked him anyway . . ."*

He drove down the Boulevard and parked the car in front of an ornate apartment building.

"This isn't Rex's apartment," protested Jill.



"No. I live here. I think we need a drink to pep us up."

"I'd rather not, really."

"Say! What's the big idea?" asked Neil, his voice edged with sarcasm, "afraid I'll eat you?"

No-o-o," said Jill.

"Then up we go," and without waiting Neil opened the door of the car and escorted Jill across the foyer to the elevator.

Inside his apartment Neil pressed a button and bathed the luxurious living room in soft light. He made Jill comfortable on the divan and proceeded to mix two drinks. One extra strong for his guest who was entirely too sober.

"Sorry I haven't any tequila to offer you," he said handing Jill a glass, "but this is pretty good stuff."

Jill took one sip, grimaced, and set the glass down.

"For the love of Mike, drink up!" ordered Neil. "You haven't taken enough to dampen your tonsils."

"I don't like it," laughed Jill, wrinkling her nose.

"Quit stalling, Baby." Neil was getting angry. "I have your number and you can't pull that ingenue stuff around here. You are going to 'bottoms up' on that drink and like it!"

"No, I'm not," said Jill serenely, lighting a cigarette.

"What a hell of a poor sport *you* turned out to be!"

Jill's eyes flashed dangerously. "If I were a man you wouldn't say that!"

"All right. I'm from Missouri and willing to be shown," said Neil taking a pack of cards from the desk. "Here's a new deck. High card wins. If I win you take that drink and give me a kiss. Not that I want to kiss you," he offered coolly, "you aren't the type that appeals to me, but just to show me you are game. If you win I'll take you back to the party

and keep both hands on the wheel. Fair enough?"

Jill studied the rhinestone buckles on her pumps a moment, then she said non-committally, "Fair enough."

Neil held out the deck and Jill drew a card. It was the deuce of hearts. Neil drew an ace, laughing triumphantly. "I'll be a generous winner," he promised. "Take your choice. The drink first or the kiss."

In answer Jill raised her glass and without removing it from her lips drained it. "Now take your kiss," she invited.

Neil's pulses were pounding. He had waited a long time for this kiss. Anticipation was sweet. Now he knew it was his for the taking, he could wait a little longer. "How about something to eat first?" he suggested although food was the last thing he had craved. Surprisingly Jill agreed.

"I'm not hungry for food, either," answered Neil thickly, switching out the lights. He took Jill in his arms and strained her to him but he did not kiss her. Yet, instead, one hand fumbled at the catch of her dress. A shoulder strap gave way under the strain and the stiff silk slid to the floor. Neil made the delightful discovery that Jill's charms were no longer hidden. Not even a brassiere to halt predatory fingers! Starting at two dimpled knees, his hands traveled upward in thrilling exploration. Satin-smooth thighs. A waist so slender he could have encircled it with his hands. Budding breasts that fluttered like frightened doves as he kissed them. He feasted on their nectar until he remembered that this was but the prelude of pleasure to follow. Jill's lips! She wasn't cool now. He could feel her heart beating wildly and her skin was warm under his moist hands. He crushed her mouth to his in a breath-taking kiss.



At last, spent with emotion. Jill gave a long shivering sigh. "Oh-o-o," she breathed. "I never knew it would be like this!"

The following evening Rex Mayo was busy. His business concerned Miss Wanda Bayne, a luscious bundle of curves from Denver and points West. Wanda was giving Rex a sample of how



*He crushed her mouth to his, in a breath taking kiss.*

"What?" asked Neil stupidly, still dizzy from the intensity of his emotion. "Love!" said Jill faintly.

*real* men get kissed. The doorbell buzzed, but Rex, weak from her kisses, didn't move. Finally a voice yelled out "tele-



gram" and he went grumbling to the door, accepted the yellow envelope and ripped it hastily open. Reading the contents he roared with laughter. "Get a load of this!"

"You win—Western technique made me fall—Jill and I married today—Sailing for Europe tonight—When we get back you can write your own ticket— Boy am I happy—Neil."

"Can you beat it?" demanded Rex excitedly. "Neil falling for a kid like Jill?"

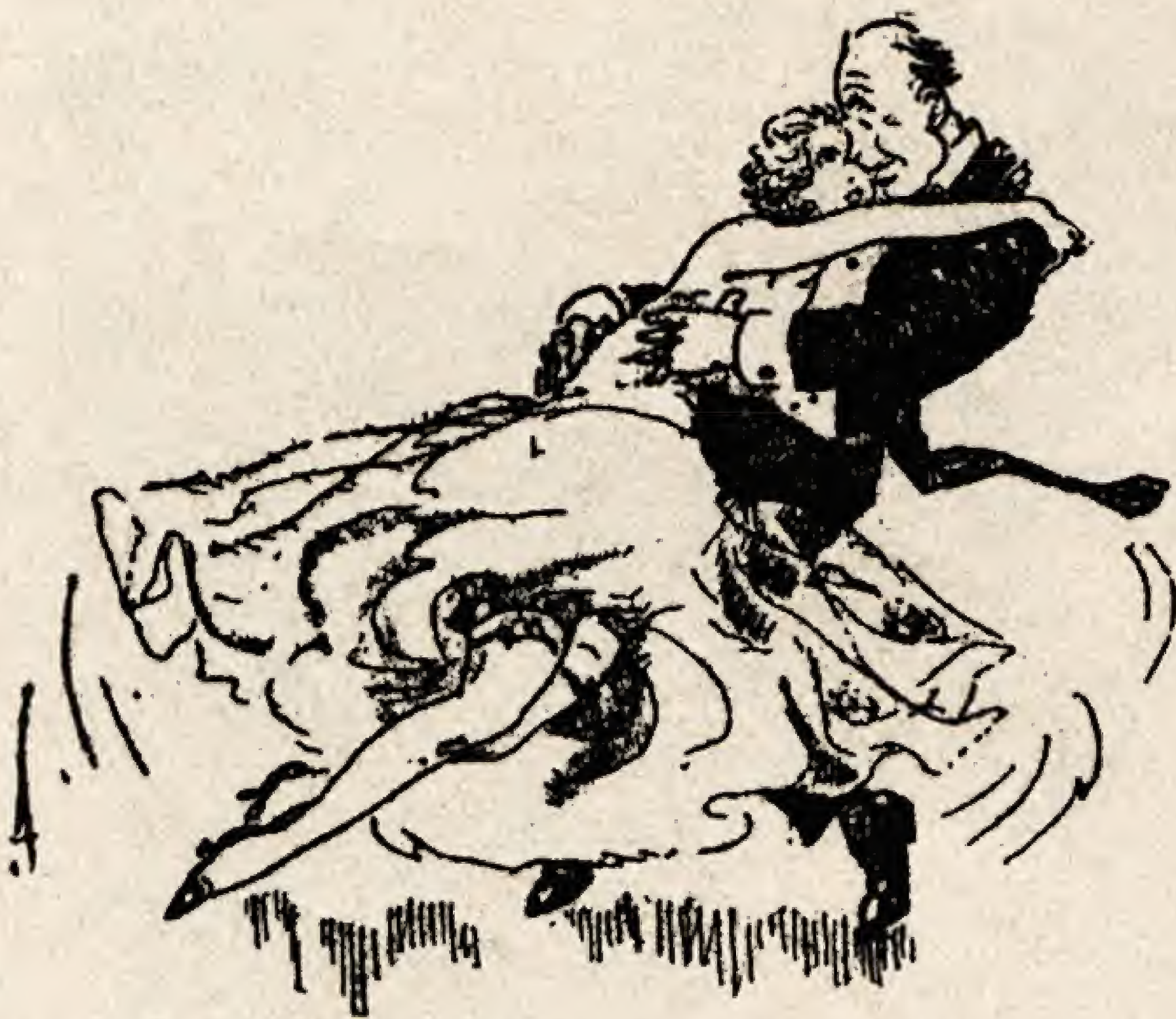
"And who," queried Wanda languidly, "is Jill?"

"My kid cousin," explained Rex. "She's always had a crush on Neil and last night she crashed the party. She's

been away at boarding school a couple of years. She doesn't drink and I don't suppose she's been kissed a dozen times in her life. And as for Western technique, she's never been West of Pittsburgh that I know of. It's a shame," he said sadly, "Neil marrying Jill when he might have had you."

"Oh, well," yawned Wanda. "Why worry? I might not have liked him anyway. He sounds terribly conceited. And besides," she added, giving Rex a come-hither glance, "you aren't so bad yourself."

"Well," confessed Rex, once more attending to the business at hand, "I have had my moments."



Wife: "Darling!"

Husband: "Yes, dear?"

Wife: "Don't be stupid, Billie; you know I have the dog in my arms!"

### TUNNEL OF LOVE

He: "If I had known that the tunnel was going to be so long I would have did it."

She: "Didn't you did it?"

He: "Why no!"

She: "Well — Somebody did it!"



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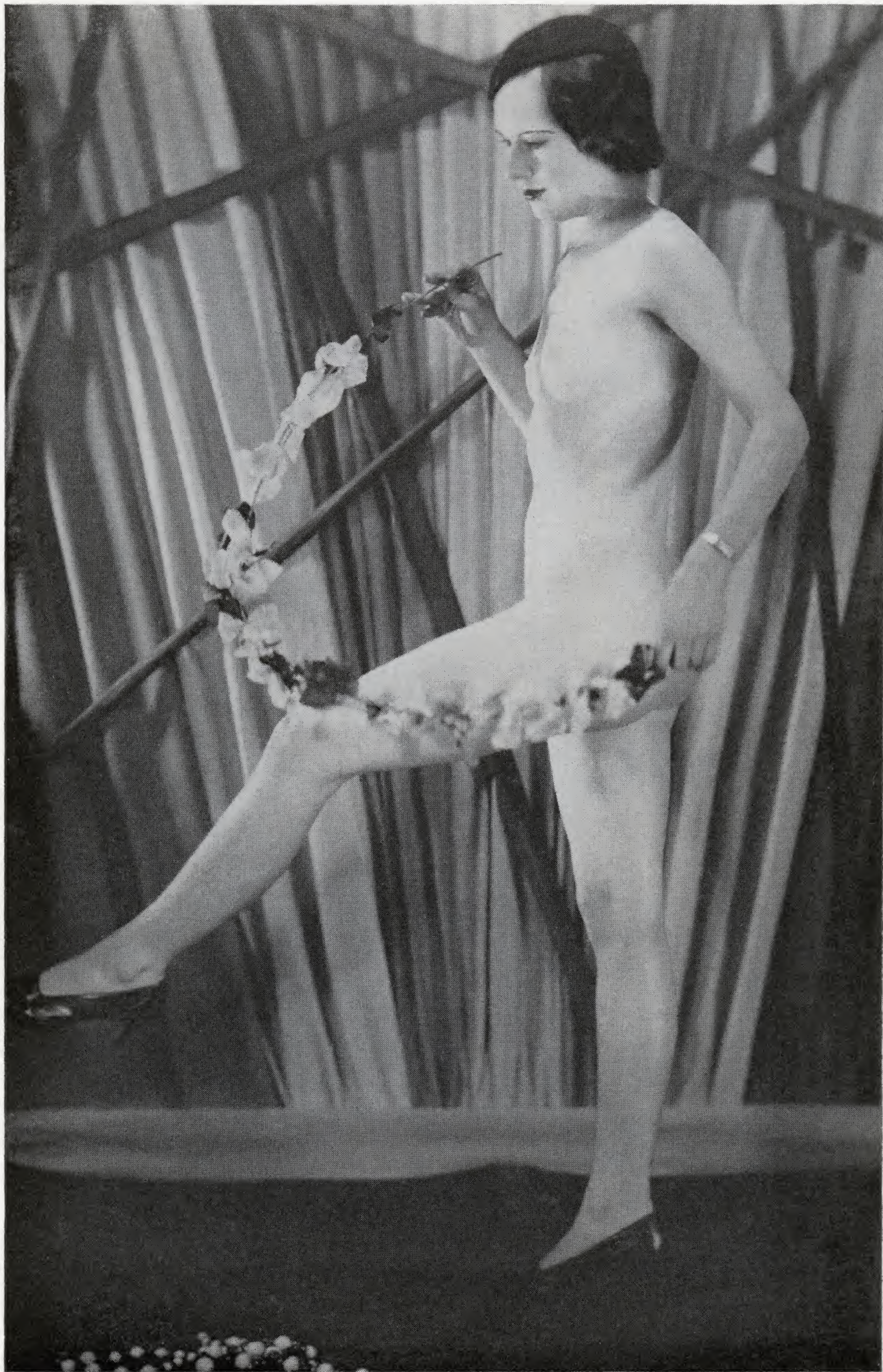


















# DOT GETS A PROPOSITION

*By Alice Hill*

**G**AYLE HUDSON was feeling unusually fit on this warm Summer afternoon. Felt hat tipped down to shield his eyes from the too-bright sun, flannel shirt open at bronzed neck, hands thrust deep into the pockets of whipcord breeches, he strolled lazily along the bank of the river. His body was of athletic proportions, and his sun-tanned face bore the clear, clean-cut appearance of a man well in both body and mind. He was ruggedly handsome, keenly alive, imbued with lithe strength and slumbering energy.

Rounding a bend in the river, he seated himself upon a fallen log, to idle away a few minutes in admiration of the peaceful scene before him.

The surface of the water was calm and unruffled, and it gave an eye-dazzling sheen where struck by the oblique rays of the declining sun. The bank leading down to the water was weed-grown and grassy, sloping gradually from a hill covered by a sparse growth of scraggly timber. The air was balmy and warm, with scarcely a breeze stirring. Frogs croaked; insects hummed; dreamy tranquility hung over all.

Gayle's squinting eyes picked out an object small and white laying on the grass in the shade of a tree. Shielding his eyes with his hand, he stared again and gave vent to a low exclamation of surprise. Glancing out over the water, he was able to observe that which, because of sun-blindness, had escaped him before. For a long moment, he sat as one in a trance, staring—simply staring!





Then a humorous smile winked his sun-tanned face and brought warm twinkles into his eyes. The smile turned into a grin of downright deviltry and with an abrupt movement, he rose. Walking softly, his gaze still fastened on something far out in the water, he moved silently down the bank of the stream until he came to the shadowy tree. There he stopped.

At his feet lay a small pile of clothes—feminine garments of apparel. Dainty moccasins, a pair of silk stockings, a short sports skirt, a silk blouse, a filmy bit of lingerie, a mannish sort of felt slouch hat; the sort of things usually affected by ladies who go camping during their vacations. An attractive ensemble of body covering, seemingly without a body to cover!

The body, however—as Gayle had already discovered—was far out in the river enjoying the cooling effect of the calm, unruffled water! It was unde and white—very white in contrast to the background of green hillside and trees; a nymph-like thing in a pagan setting, an object to admire and adore!

The lady was standing in shallow water near the opposite bank of the river, immersed to a line just above her hips, so that only her torso was visible. She was standing with back turned, and appeared deeply interested in the antics of a pair of birds who had built their nest in a tree nearby. She had not yet seen Gayle nor been made aware of a presence other than her own. She was wholly unsuspecting.

But suddenly, she turned and started wading toward the bank on which she had left her garments. Perhaps some subtle instinct warned her, or maybe she saw Gayle's reflection in the mirror-like surface of the water. Anyhow, all at once, she raised her eyes and discovered him!

He caught the expression of swift surprise that spread over her lovely face, the look of alarm and fright that leaped into her glowing eyes. He heard her gasp and stifle an exclamation. He witnessed the flushing of her cheeks as she realized that she had been seen. And he saw her stop abruptly and clasp both arms over her bare, wet breasts!

It was the age-old gesture of the woman surprised; purely involuntary, prompted by the feminine instinct to protect and shield her intimate charms. But, in this instance, it came too late! For Gayle had already seen!

There was a brief pause, a tense silence—then:

"Well," she remarked coldly, "you have me at a disadvantage! Yet you must realize how embarrassing the situation is for me, and I trust you will prove to be a gentleman!"

Gayle did not at once reply. He was too greatly absorbed in watching circular ripples of water beat against the woman's undulating waist as she moved. He was trying to discover if the transparency of the water would permit him to glimpse things that lay below the surface. But in a moment he found his voice.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "I'm afraid I don't understand!"

"Then you are *not* a gentleman!" she stated flatly. "A gentleman would at least have the decency to apologize for intruding upon a lady's privacy."

Gayle stared, a smile twitching his lips; she glared back at him, eyes hot with anger and humiliation.

"I assure you I did not mean to intrude," he informed her. "I had no idea you were here! I was just out walking—say, for my health!"

There was another brief pause, then:

"Then perhaps you will kindly go away, so I may come ashore and dress," she said icily.



"Why do you want me to go away?" he asked provokingly. "There's room for two under this tree! And I won't interfere with your dressing!"

The lady grew pale with anger and her eyes flashed dangerously. She glanced at

her clothes, then far down the river, as if pondering whether to sacrifice her modesty or swim home. Finally, she turned, chin resolute and defiant.

"All right, cheap guy!" she gritted. "I'll come out! And when I do, I'll teach



*"He saw in my unfortunate predicament a chance to profit!"*



you what it means to insult a lady! I'll slap that fresh mouth of yours, if it's my last act on earth!"

Gayle threw back his head and roared. Then abruptly, he checked his laughter as he observed the expression on her face.

"Why, Dorothy!" he said gently, "I wouldn't have believed you capable of such savage emotions!"

"Dorothy!" she exclaimed, with a complete change of manner. "Do you know me?"

"Of course, I know you, Dorothy Ellis," he chuckled. "Do you suppose I'd have dared pull this kid stuff if you had been a strange woman? Knowing you as I do, I was sure you'd forgive me!"

Still laughing at her surprise, he removed his hat so that the rim wouldn't shade his face.

"Gayle!" she exclaimed, after glimpsing his features. "Why, Gayle Hudson, what are you doing here in these hills?"

"Spending my vacation," he replied. "Living in a shack about a mile down the river."

"Great! Splendid! We'll have to renew our acquaintance, won't we?"

"Of course," he assured her. "But—aren't you afraid of catching cold? Hadn't you better come out now?"

She hesitated, cheeks flushing faintly pink. Gayle waited, smiling mischievously.

"I'm not exactly a prude," she said finally. "But—well, you know how it is! The sun's too darned bright! Turn your back, Gayle, won't you?"

Gayle laughingly complied with her wishes, and the next moment he heard her splash out upon the bank, and knew that she was hastily donning her clothes.

Five minutes later, they were sitting side by side on the green grass, gazing fondly into each other's eyes.

"Just fancy meeting *you* here!" he murmured.

"Oh, it's not so strange!" she replied. "I'm vacationing, too! The funny part of it is that we should have decided to spend our vacations in the same part of the world. How do you account for that?"



*"The sun's too darn bright. Turn your back, Gayle, won't you?"*

"I can't," he confessed. "It's been a year since we saw each other last. I couldn't have known your plans, nor could you have known mine. It must have been telepathy, or something!"

"More likely fate," she said lightly.

They gazed hungrily at each other for a moment, and smiled. Evidently, they



had been acquainted before coming to the hills.

"Where are you stopping?" he asked curiously.

"Summer cottage back there!" She jerked her head indicatively. "It's nothing extra, but good enough."

Gayle slipped his hand over hers and caressed her with his eyes. "Prettier than ever!" he murmured. . . . "But the same blue eyes and golden hair!"



She chuckled and regarded him warmly.

"Aren't you working for Thompson any more?" he asked.

"Oh, sure! Holding down the well-known secretarial position, same as usual! But even the secretary to a Wall Street broker must have her two weeks of rest, you know. All work and no play makes Jill a wall flower!"

"I know," he murmured. "I was just wondering how you managed—"

"You mean about the finances?"

He nodded apologetically.

"Your curiosity is only natural under the circumstances," she said, and her voice grew rather strained. "I never was blessed with money, for a fact! But in this instance, at least, there was a way!" She paused, and glanced out over the river, avoiding his eyes.

There was a moment of silence. Then Gayle slipped his arm about her slender waist and drew her close to him. He embraced her tenderly as he murmured:

"Of course, it's none of my business, dear. I shouldn't be so dammed inquisitive! . . . But you know how I have always felt toward you, Dot! . . . I—I wish you'd give me the lowdown on this. It seems funny, my meeting you away off out here; I get the impression that there's some mystery back of it all."

Her hand crept up and closed over his; she turned her head that she might gaze into his eyes.

"I can't keep secrets with you, Gayle," she whispered. "But I'm afraid you'll hate me when the mystery has been dispelled!"

"Hate you? — never!" he said emphatically. "What's the answer—Thompson?"

She nodded. "He owns the Summer cottage where I'm staying; that's why I'm here instead of—somewhere else."

"I see," Gayle muttered. "Is he here, with you?"

"Not at present. But he came out with me a few days ago."

"You—you've been living with him—here?"

For a moment Dorothy was silent, staring moodily at the ground. Then with a slow flush creeping into her cheeks, she raised her head and stared Gayle



squarely in the eyes.

"Yes," she said dully. "You may as well know the truth, Gayle. I'm a keptee!"

"I—I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I—I wish this hadn't happened! For your sake, darling!"

"Yes," she said, "I believe you do—and I believe you are sincere! . . . I, too, wish it hadn't happened. Of course, I might explain matters; but it would probably sound as if I were only searching for excuses."

"Tell me!" he said, dropping a kiss in her golden hair. "I won't misunderstand honey! I'll know you're speaking the truth."

She gave a short sigh and leaned closer, resting her head on his broad shoulder. At the moment, she seemed very tired, very weary of her recent past and all she had gone through.

"It was mother," she began. "I had to do something for her sake. Of course, you know I've been her sole support ever since I went to work. There was nobody else to do for her; it had to be me!"

"I understand," he breathed.

"Well, she was taken sick—desperately sick! She had to be taken to the hospital, and she had to have a serious operation. Doctors, nurses, X-Ray pictures—all of those things cost money, Gayle. My small savings weren't enough. They were depleted during the first few weeks. I needed at least five hundred dollars to square everything. And I didn't have it and didn't know where to get it. I was almost frantic with worry and anxiety.

"Poor kid!" he murmured, patting her shoulder gently.

"I went to my boss, Thompson," she continued. "I told him my story and asked his advice. I asked him if he knew of some way by which I might raise the needed money. Some legitimate, businesslike way, I meant. Well, Thompson

has been my employer for three years. During that time, he has been kind to me after a fashion. But he is always the unscrupulous man in matters pertaining to business. He's shrewd and cunning! He saw in my unfortunate predicament a chance for him to profit!"

"The dirty devil!" Gayle muttered under his breath.

"He made me a proposition. I needed five hundred dollars to care for my mother. He would place that amount to my credit, providing I would agree to spend a week with him here in these hills! I could accept the offer or—let it alone! . . . Well, it was my only chance! What else could I have done? I thought of my future; I thought of—you, Gayle! And then I thought of that poor woman, my mother, who was then lying at death's door!"

"I know," Gayle said huskily. "You did quite right! Don't let it worry you!"

"I paid the bills, and engaged a nurse to care for mother during her convalescence. I fixed everything nice for her. I told her that my boss was sending me to a branch office for a few days, to take another girl's place. Then I packed a few things and came here with *him*! . . . It—it seems rather awful in a way, and yet—I'm not sorry, Gayle, when I think of what it meant to *her*! . . ."

Gayle stared at the mass of golden hair so close to his face, and hugged the girl tighter in his arms. He tipped her head back and dropped a kiss upon her sensitive lips.

"Why didn't you come to me?" he asked. "You must have known that I'd help you!"

"Yes, Gayle," she murmured. "You've been sweet to me in the past. I'm sure you'd have helped me. But—I didn't know where to find you! We hadn't seen each other for ages."

"That's so," he muttered. "How is



your mother now?"

"Almost well. She'll probably be fully recovered by the time I get home."

"Umm—perhaps not," he said gruffly.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You're going home sooner than you intended," he explained.

"You mean—?" She suddenly sat up, staring wide-eyed into his face.

"You're going to move—from Thompson's cottage over to my shack," Gayle announced. "Then we're going in to town the first thing in the morning! . . . You say Thompson is away at present?"

"Yes. He received a message which took him back to the city early this morning. Some business matter, I believe. But he intended to return some time today!"

"Yeah! Well, he's here now!" spoke a gruff voice behind them.

Dorothy and Gayle sprang to their feet and whirled to stare. There, but a few feet distant, stood Thompson—big, corpulent, aggressive, a fifty-cent cigar in his mouth, a fatuous sneer on his fat face. He had returned unexpectedly and crept upon them unawares.

"Dot," he snapped, "who's this guy?"

"A—a friend of mine," she stammered. "Mr. Hudson!"

"Two-timing me, eh?"

"No, no! Honest, our meeting was quite accidental; I had no idea he was anywhere near here. But it happens that he's vacationing in a shack down the river. We just chanced to meet, here, today!"

Thompson chewed his cigar savagely and spat. "Hell," he growled. "Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Believe it or not, Mr. Thompson," Gayle cut in swiftly, "it happens to be the truth! Moreover, Miss Ellis has decided that she won't be in a position to remain the rest of the week with you!

I'm taking her back to town with me the first thing in the morning!"

"Oh, yeah?" Thompson glared and his bull neck turned almost purple.

"Yeah!" said Gayle, mimicking the man's tone and manner. "I understand that you forced her to enter a certain agreement before bringing her out here, an agreement by means of which she received from you something like five hundred dollars."

"That's true!" said Thompson.

"Very well," said Gayle quietly. "I merely wished you to know that it shall be my pleasure to give you a refund!"

"And I'll accept it!" said Thompson promptly.

"Very well," said Gayle, his voice dangerously calm. "Here it is!" And with the last word, he stepped forward and drove a straight clean punch to the big man's jaw!

The blow came swiftly and was wholly unexpected. Thompson gasped, staggered backward and fell sprawling on the ground.

"That, I believe, squares the account," said Gayle, with great satisfaction. Then turning toward Dorothy, he took her arm and led her down the bank of the river.

"Oh, Gayle!" she murmured, gazing proudly into his face.

"Tomorrow," he said gruffly, "you'll be at home with your sick mother! And while you're there, I'll be down town hunting up a license and a minister! We're going to be married!"

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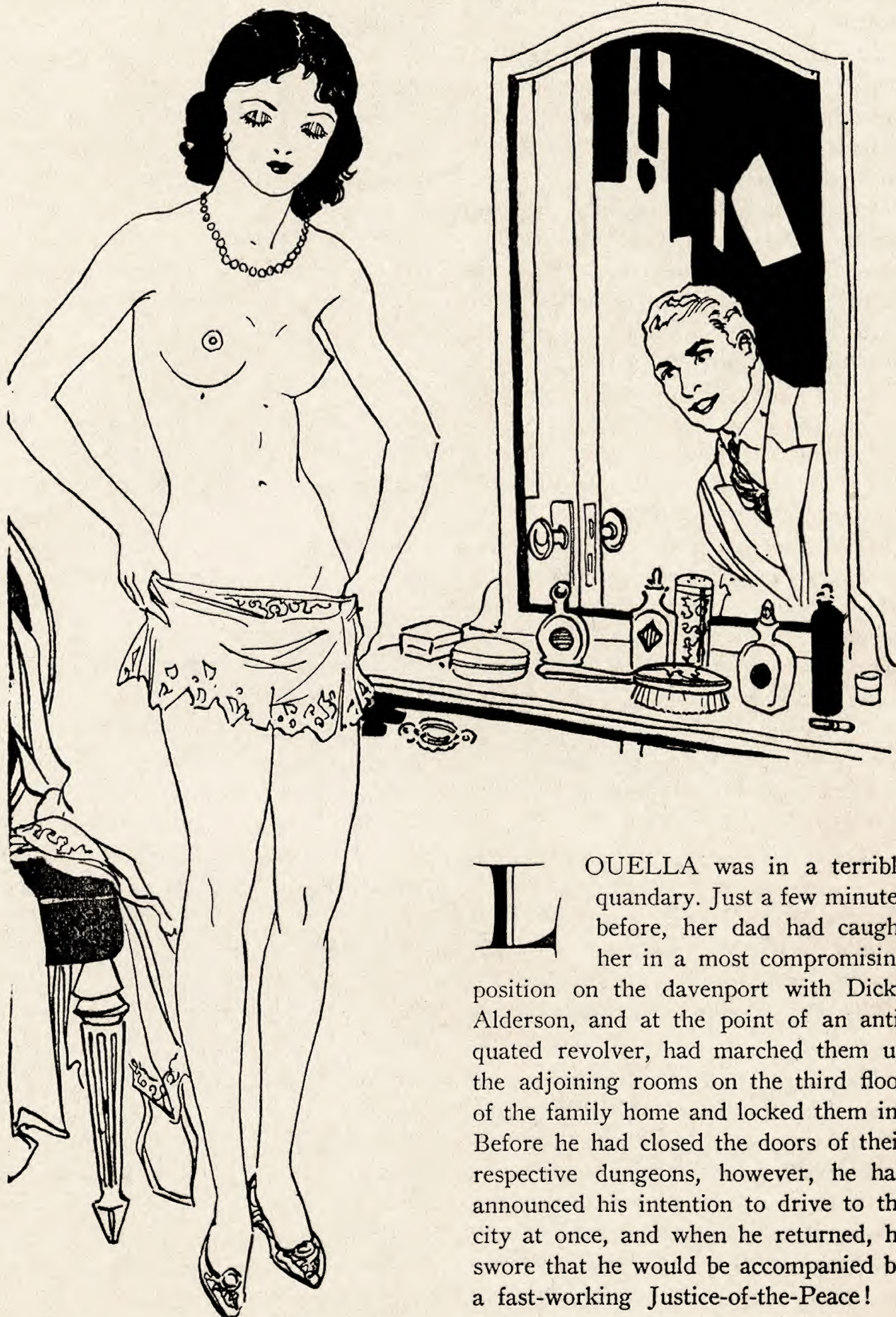
THE HOTTEST HOTEL IN TOWN





# CARNIVAL OF PASSION

*By Jerome Fresco*



**L**OUELLA was in a terrible quandary. Just a few minutes before, her dad had caught her in a most compromising position on the davenport with Dicky Alderson, and at the point of an antiquated revolver, had marched them up the adjoining rooms on the third floor of the family home and locked them in! Before he had closed the doors of their respective dungeons, however, he had announced his intention to drive to the city at once, and when he returned, he swore that he would be accompanied by a fast-working Justice-of-the-Peace!



Louella knew full well his intentions: A shot-gun wedding with all the customary accessories, and an ensuing lecture that would be certain to bore her to extinction.

She could have cried out in helpless rage. Daddy hadn't understood; for once even the evidence of an eye-witness was at fault. For she hadn't really been guilty of anything wrong!

Dicky was a sweet boy and all that, but she could scarcely contemplate a lifetime at his side. Tonight, under the spell of half a dozen cocktails, she had permitted him a few intimacies — but he hadn't even thrilled her the least bit! And then her daddy had to walk in on them and accuse them of violating every section of the alleged moral code! What a series of miserable breaks—and what a drab future to contemplate!

The sound of gentle tapping on the door communicating with the room into which Dickey had been bundled reached her ears. She stepped across the intervening space and placed her head to the panel.

"Lonesome, Dickey?" she inquired, with a sickly attempt at pleasantry.

The echo of his grunt was plainly discernible. "No!" he snorted. "Let me in!"

"Can't; Daddy took the key away with him." She ceased speaking as a sudden thought flitted through her mind. "But I think there's an old key in the bureau drawer," she finished.

"That's a good girl." Dicky's tone was tense.

Louella hurried to the bureau and drew open one of the small upper drawers. In a moment, she returned triumphantly to the door, duplicate key in hand.

"I found it, Dickey!" she giggled, turning it in the lock and swinging the door inward. "It's a pity that my memory doesn't serve me so well insofar as

keys to the other doors are concerned."

"Oh, what's the difference?" Dickey contemplated her blonde loveliness with possessive eyes. "We may just as well be married today as—"

"Don't be a sap!" Louella interrupted. "You may not object to the chafing bonds of matrimony, but I've got entirely different ideas in that respect. No ball and chain for little Louella; not if she can help it!"

Dicky fell back before her vehemence. "I thought you liked me," he accused. "I—I didn't know you had been kidding all along."

"I do *like* you, Dicky, boy." Louella took one of his hands between both of hers. "But liking isn't loving, is it? You fail to awaken in me those thrills which would make our marriage a success in every way."

"Do you mean that?" Dickey was genuinely surprised. "Can you honestly say that my kisses are kickless, and my sex appeal just isn't?"

"It's better to be frank about it, don't you think so?" Louella asked, a little doubtfully.

Dicky nodded, stroking his chin with a listless air. "Well, what are we going to do about it?" he demanded. "Your dad will be back in short order with a wedding expert, and we'll have to submit gracefully; or else—!"

"Or else!" Louella moved across the room to the window and threw it open. "I've got an idea; if you effect a hasty retreat through this window, Daddy's plans will all go up in smoke! How about it?"

Dicky joined her at the aperture, but his expression was one of absolute glumness as he contemplated the earth three stores below.

"Fat chance, Lou'," he growled. "If I had the wings of an angel, maybe—"



Louella eyed the bedclothes hopefully. "You won't need wings if we can find material to make a rope long enough," she suggested. "Time is limited; let's get busy."

Obediently, but in sulky silence, Dicky assisted her to remove the spread and sheets and to knot them into a makeshift rope. It was apparent that he placed little credence in her theory that the material would prove sufficient to meet their purpose.

Finally, the last piece of linen had been removed from the two beds in the adjoining chambers, and the last knot drawn tight. Louella affixed one end of the long rope to the foot of the bed, rolled conveniently close to the window, and slid the remainder over the ledge.

"I'm almost afraid to look," she confessed, as the rope grew taut. "Ten or twelve feet more, and I'd be willing to chance it; but the drop is going to be too great. See for yourself."

Louella looked, and the result of her inspection disheartened her. The rope lacked at least twenty-five feet of reaching the ground.

She walked frantically about the room, seeking a few additional strips of cloth, but her quest was in vain. They had employed to best advantage everything within accessibility.

Imagination rallied to her assistance, and she brightened perceptibly. "You're certain that the addition of ten feet will enable you to risk it?" she asked, excited as a child.

"Yes, but—"

"No alibis, Dicky, sweet! Off with your coat, vest, and trousers! We'll make those ten feet!"

The occasion was not one conducive to pleasant argument. Dickey submitted without a struggle.

Louella smiled inwardly as she shed



*His eyes lighted up as he took in the splendid details of her beauty. . . .*

each garment. His embarrassment tickled her; Dicky was a decent chap, and the greatest sport in the world, she decided. Almost, she loved him!



But even his whole-hearted sacrifice proved useless. After the various articles of apparel sacrificed by Dicky had been added to the rope, it lacked still three or four feet of attaining the specified minimum.

"We won't quibble over trifles when the emergency is so great," Louella remarked, seating herself on the edge of the bed and kicking of her shoes. "Slip out of your undies like a good little boy, while I donate my all to the cause!"

"You mean—?" Dicky could scarcely credit the evidence of his ears.

"In toto, dearest," Louella grinned impishly. "Terrible diseases require terrible remedies, don't they? After you've reached the ground safely, you can untie your own duds and put them back on; in the meanwhile, I'll yank mine back up, and endeavor to make myself presentable for the meeting with Dad and his disappointed J. P.!"

As she spoke, she drew her dress and slip over her head, tossing them unconcernedly on the floor beside Dicky's discarded undies. Her stockings followed in due season.

Sheerly unconscious of his own lack of apparel, Dicky proceeded to add the final details to the rope. But he could not resist the temptation to cast a number of surreptitious glances at his fellow conspirator.

His eyes lighted up as he took in the splendid details of her beauty, so clearly revealed through the dainty dance set of chiffon anties and lace brassiere. Louella was indeed a lovely creature! The wonderful smoothness of her snow-white skin; the perfection of her rounded torso, glorified by the curves of hips and thighs; the sweet enticement of her high, full breasts.

He was painfully aware of the fact that the rope was now long enough to suit his

purpose. For a moment, he wavered, then, filled with an uncontrollable desire to revel for a few minutes more in close proximity to his feminine deity, he flung down the rope in disgust.

"Still a foot or so too short!" he lied. "Can't you spare just a little more?"

Louella colored to the roots of her hair, fully aware of his devouring gaze. Although tempted strongly to sneak a glance in his direction, she exercised every last atom of her will-power and looked the other way.

"I—I can't!" she stammered, nervously. "You'll have to try it—"

"I won't," he insisted stubbornly. "It's *my* neck, you know, and I positively won't risk it unless the rope is lengthened a bit more." And he smiled to himself in absolute satisfaction.

Louella deliberated inwardly for a moment. It would be exceedingly embarrassing to shed the last vestige of her modesty—but infernally more embarrassing to find herself mated for life with a man unable to stir her as completely as she wished. Her decision was quickly formulated!

The delicate brassiere and panties were offered as the ultimate sacrifice!

Dicky affixed them to the rope without comment, and strode to the window. As he lowered the rope through the window, however, he turned to survey the little huddled figure on the bed; at last, he justified himself, he was entitled to another generous inspection!

But that final inspection proved his undoing. It would be impossible for him to descend the rope in his present nervous condition. The blood roared in his arteries, the veins in his temples throbbed like a trip-hammer, and his hands trembled as with palsy!

"I—I can't go *now*!" he whispered. "I can't!"



Louella lifted her head sharply. "What do you mean?" she asked.

He moved closer. "You wouldn't understand," he pleaded. "You've never been thrilled—but I have!"

But Louella *was* beginning to understand, and the blood receded from her face as that comprehension became painfully clear.

"You—you've got to go—now!" she urged.

"I won't!"

He advanced upon her and threw his arms about her, his fingers stroking her velvety flesh, his eager lips seeking hers.

"Dicky!" She struggled desperately to free herself, but each motion she made only served to draw her closer into his embrace. "Have you suddenly gone crazy?"

"About you, my darling!" His lips swooped downward, found hers, and lingered there, while his single free hand cupped one of those pink-tipped breasts



Dicky suddenly realized that he enjoyed complete mastery of the situation, and he gloried in his power. So this delightful, if stubborn, creature, had doubted his ability to thrill her, did she? Well, she would learn that she had been quite mistaken in that respect!

that had lured him on, irresistibly.

Louella became frantic. "Please, Dicky—I'm begging you!" she gasped, resorting to tears where open defiance had failed.

But Dicky had long passed the stage where reasoning might have affected him.



his mouth bit into hers, clining tenaciously, and he drew her closer in a cruel embrace.

Louella began to enjoy the *strangest* sensations she ever felt in her life. Little thrills paraded up and down her spine, exciting her to the point of ecstasy. A sudden realization came over her: Dicky was the thrilling type!

With a blissful rapture of abandonment, she surrendered herself to the joy of the moment. She seemed to melt and fuse against him. She was in that magic moment all carnal, all sensuous.

He drew her closer, the firm sharp points of her breasts pricking his chest. Perspiration covered him like a shower, and all his flesh tingled as if afire.

Young blood ran riot in a Carnival of passion. . . .

Louella stirred gently and opened her eyes. Strong, hard arms still encompassed her shoulders, and her cheek rested very close to a heaving masculine bosom.

"Dicky, darling," she whispered.

Dicky lowered his head. "Yes, sweet?"

"You'd better draw our clothes up so that we can crawl back into them; they'll be dropping in on us in a minute!"

Dicky stiffened. "But — you — you don't want to marry me, do you?" he asked.

"Don't I!" Louella tortured him with the suggestiveness of her insistence. "Do you think I'd let you go now, after you've thrilled me more completely than any one else on earth could?"

Dicky's hands traveled. "Wonderful girl!" he whispered happily. "I'll put on my clothes now—but as soon as the impromptu ceremony is over—"

"We'll push them out of the room and begin our glorious honeymoon—right here!" Louella finished for him.

"Do you believe in long engagements?"

"Sure. The longer a man is engaged, the less time he has to be married."



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# April Showers!

*Callow Youth:* "I like to take experienced girls home."

*Sweet Young Thing:* "I'm not experienced."

*Callow Youth:* "But you're not home yet."



**Voice from Beyond:** "Pansy, what are you doing up so late?"

"Looking at the beautiful moon, mother."

"Well, it is twelve o'clock. You'd better send the moon home."



# PEPPY POETRY

## POWDER

While I watch the girlies dance  
Gaily to and fro,  
As they seek to find romance  
In these ways of woe,  
Candor blushing relates,  
As they do their stuff,  
That each dame manipulates  
A mean powder-puff.

Striving hard to look her best,  
Powdering her pan,  
Each fem, with unflagging  
zest,  
Fights to land her man,  
While I fill their eager ears  
With my warning cry,  
"Put your trust in God, my dears,  
But keep your powder dry!"

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.



## REJECTED

When I was popping  
The question to Nance,  
I got a brogan  
Right smack in the pants,  
And through the doorway  
I sailed like a linnet,  
For her dad's Number  
Eleven was in it.









